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But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own."

"Twas thus that Eileen clung to the stranger. She loved him, yet knew not why: he was much her senior in years, and of a grave deportment, while she was young and lively; bounding o'er the heath-bell and the violet, as the graceful antelope; but "human love is not the growth of human will."

Time rolled on, the stranger had for some time endeavoured to persuade her to elope with him. One evening he pressed her in the most moving manner to flee with him—to be the wife of his bosom—the loved of his soul. She hesitated a long time, but was at length overcome by his solicitations, and sinking on his bosom, she faintly whispered her assent. Throwing himself on his knees to her he cried—

"Dearest Eileen, receive the thanks of thy king, for it is Ragallah that thus lowly bends to the fairest being of creation. Nay, start not, my beloved, (for Eileen, with an involuntary awe, at being in the presence of royalty, had started back a few paces,) the dearest pleasure of his life shall be to make you happy; he lives but in your smiles."

Ragallah arose, and taking one of her hands in his, led her from the spot. She cast a long and lingering look on the scenes of her childhood, and burst into tears.

At this moment an aged hermit appeared. He carried a long staff, and his few silvery hairs were floating in the evening breeze: he boldly advanced to the king, and "little reverence made."

Ragallah thought to pass him, but the old man raising his voice, exclaimed, "Hold, impious man! heap not crime upon crime. For the sake of Him whose name thou despisest, have nought to say to that young woman," and he laid his hand on the dress of the girl.

"Back, old dotard, back," said Ragallah; "darest thou presume thus to insult me. Once more, I say, back! and unloose thy hold on the maiden's dress."

"Never—oh, king, never!" said the old man, in a determined tone; "while the Lord gives me strength I shall hold."

"Then dearly shalt thou rue thy temerity. This to thy heart, villain," and the next instant the monarch's sword was dyed with his blood.

"'Tis but another murder added to thy list," said the old man as he fell; "but again I warn thee, as thou would'st escape the vengeance of the Most High, have nothing to say to that woman—she is thy daughter!" Gladly would I here finish, but history obliges me to follow up this story. Ragallah, in the fearless enjoyment of his power, ordered his wretched daughter to be dragged from her virtuous seclusion to his palace. The crime which followed must not be detailed, but the vengeance of Heaven soon overtook him: he was killed in a quarrel with some peasants, while hunting a stag.

T. A. G.—M.—N.

"* * We have to apologise to our kind Correspondent, T. A. G.—M.—N, for the omission of his initials to some other Romances of Irish History, which have already appeared in our pages, with which he furnished us. We feel that he and others would excuse the liberties we occasionally take in condensing their communications, were they aware how difficult it is to please the varied class of readers who patronize the Penny Journal.—Ed.

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which, it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby and lords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

Farewell, lovely Erin! from thee I must wander
Across the deep ocean in sorrow away;
No more where the *Braid's* crystal currents meander,
I'll listen the linnet sing sweet from the spray:
Nor stray forth at gloaming among the broom-bowers,
Collecting the young sunny delicate flowers;
Lamenting I stray, when I think on the hours
Enraptur'd I spent 'neath the sun's setting ray.

Still sweet is the spot where in childhood I sported,
Unknown to the troubles that life bears along;
And sweet is the cot where my brother oft courted
The young artless bard, for as artless a song.
Oh! my heart's like to break when I think on the danger

He long had to bear in the land of the stranger;
Where soon I may wander, a poor hapless ranger,
Far, far from the hills the Braid wanders among.

I'll seek out the place where in silence he's sleeping,
I'll weep o'er his ashes alone by the sea;
And kiss the cold wave, while around me it's creeping,
That tore my loved brother from Erin and me!
Columbia shall learn, as his bleach'd bones I gather,
How dearly I loved my young loving brother,
Who died unlamented, afar from his mother—
Afar from his native vale, Erin, in thee.

I'll place o'er his grave there, the pale weeping willow,
And rest 'neath its shade while the bitter blasts blow;
I'll heave the deep sigh o'er the wind-beaten billow,
And teach fam'd Columbia to weep for my woe.
No more on thy green hills I'll wander, dear Erin,
Columbia's bleak hills now before me's appearing;
While round me each emigrant loudly is cheering,
Heart-broken I look where my brother lies low.

Near Ballymen.

D. H.

CAOINE, OR THE IRISH DEATH SONG.

Oh! silent and cold is thy lonely repose,
Though chilly and damp falls the mist of the night;
Yet the sun shall bring joys with the morn, and the dews
Shall vanish before his keen arrows of light;
But the pulses of life in thy bosom no more
Shall vibrate, nor morning awaken thine eye;
No more shalt thou wander thy native hills o'er,
The green hills of Erin, that bloom to the sky;
And childhood's gay scenes, when thy soul undefiled
First felt the dear blossoms of friendship unclose,
Where infancy's features in playfulness smiled;
But ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

Thou wert dearer to me than the sun in the west,
When he tinges with crimson the skirts of the sea;
But memory weeps, and my soul is distress'd:
When I look on his beauty, I think upon thee!
In youth thou wert like him, all blooming and gay;
And soft was the down on thy cheek, as the rose;
In the splendour of manhood, like him at mid-day;
But thy fate was untimely, and early thy close.
He rises again when his journey is o'er,
But thy life has been dimm'd by misfortune and woes;
Thou hast sunk to thy rest to return no more,
For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

Oh! thou who now sleepest in earth's narrow bed,
"As the nerve of my throbbing heart" thou wert to me;
And with thee all the charms of the world are fled,
For though it was dear, it was dear but for thee.
Thou wert generous and good—thou wert noble and just,
In the morning of life thou wert beauteous and brave;
But why look on virtue and worth that are past?
For he who possessed them is gone to the grave!
Or why call to memory the scenes that are o'er?
The flowret is hid in dark evening's close;
From the night of the tomb shall it blossom no more,
For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.